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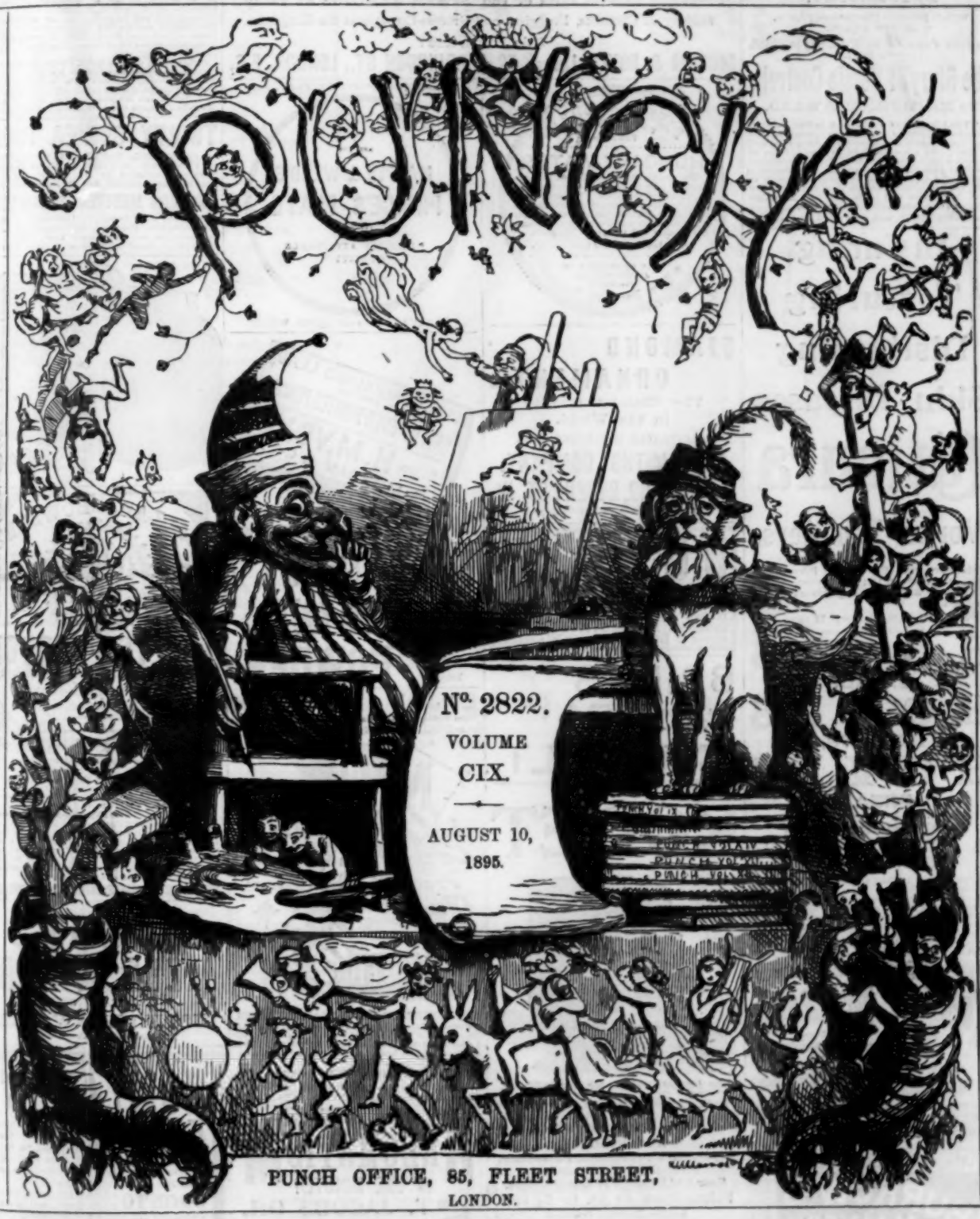

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A PSALM OF AUGUST.

(For the Circular Tourist.)

TELL me not, in Summer numbers,
"Holidays are but a dream!"
If you hold that vacs are slumbers,
Well—things are not what they seem.

COOK is real! GAZE is earnest!
And the earth's end is their goal;
"Bust" thou art, and "bust" returnest,
Sing they to the tripper's soul.

Not enjoyment—rather, sorrow
Greets the tourist on his way;
His to toil, that each to-morrow
Find him farther on his way.

Tours are long, and Time is fleeting,
While we dire discomfort brave;
In globe-trotting, record-beating,
Pleasure surely finds its grave.

Let us, still, each town be "doing,"
Since "tow-rowing" is our fate—
Then, half-dead with guide-pursuing,
Brag o'er those at home who wait!

"FORWOOD BOYS."—Sir ARTHUR FORWOOD, the new Baronet, observes the Day-by-Day-istical writer in the *Daily Telegraph*, "is not to be confounded with his brother, Sir WILLIAM FORWOOD." Why not? Why interfere with the liberty of speech on the part of some Radicals, who might say "Confound 'em both!" Or, in the words of the National Anthem, "Confound their politics."

OMITTED FROM THE GRACIOUS SPEECH OF H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE OPENING OF THE SOUTHAMPTON NEW DOCK.—"I appear here as the Judge, at whose word the prisoner is to be let into the dock, and, subsequently, let out again. Ladies and gentlemen, the prisoner is—the water." (*Cheers.*)

PRESIDING DEITY. 1895.

VENUS AN—ILINE DYE—OMENE.

JOEYING AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

THERE have been JOEs not a few on the stage. Coming down from the time of JOE GRIMALDI, we pass on the way *Joseph Andrews*, *Poll and Partner Joe*, *Poor Joe* from *Bleak House*, and many other JOEs until we come to *Gentleman Joe*, hansom cab-driver, played by ARTHUR ROBERTS. The question and answer in the old idiotic nigger song applies appropriately here, with slight adaptation:

What! *de* JOE? Yes! *de* JOE.
Spruce JOE kicking up ahind and afore,
KITTY LOFTUS playing up to Mister JOE.

And with the assistance of the always graceful PHYLLIS BROUGHTON—of whom *Gentleman Joe* might have sung, but doesn't, "PHYLLIS is my only *Fare*"—aided also by the pretty-voiced LETTIE SEARLE, helped by the sprightly earnestness of Miss CLARA JECKS, who has turned over a new leaf and come out as a page, and kept moving by the dashing "go" of Miss SADIE JEROME (not at all a "sad eye" nor a "say die" sort of young lady) as *Lalage Potts*, this two-act musical farce, beginning as a kind of *High Life below Stairs* and ending anyhow, offering, as it does, opportunities to Our Only ARTHUR for introducing into it any amount of "diversion" in the way of new songs, eccentric speeches, nods, winks, becks, and wreathed smiles, may be continuing its successful career in the summer of '96, there being no apparent reason why its run should ever stop, that is as long as *Gentleman Arthur Joe Roberts* handles the ribands as the popular *Cubbing-it Minister*.

A NEW TITLE.—Our GRACE, the cricketer, is not made a "Sir" or raised to a dukedom. There is, however, in view of present craze, a great chance for conferring the greater honour on a champion bicyclist. His title would be "The Duke of WHEELINGTON."

SCRAPS FROM CHAPS.

A DIVIDEND DESERVED.—The Glasgow Town Council has been running its own tram-cars for a year past, and has cleared more than £20,000 of profit for the citizens out of the business. There is huge rejoicing on the Clyde, and no wonder, as the result is due to sheer good management, without over-charging the public or over-driving the drivers. The Tramways Committee reports:—

Further, the Committee have given effect to what they believe to be the general feeling of the citizens—viz., that the cars, which necessarily form a notable feature of the streets of the city, should not only be tasteful in design and colour, and comfortable for passengers, but also that their general appearance should not be marred or their destinations obscured by advertisements.

Moral for many southern railway, tram, and omnibus companies—Go and do likewise! Moral for Glasgow citizens—Get carried over your tram-lines often enough, and you'll carry over a big dividend to decrease your next year's rates!

SUB-LIME!—This is how "business" is transacted by some of the Youghal Town Commissioners. The question was—who should supply them with lime!

Mr. Kennedy. I propose that thirty-nine barrels be bought and paid for.
Mr. Loughlan. I propose that he supply the lime at 1s. per barrel.
Mr. Long (warmly). I say the Board can't do anything of the kind.
Mr. Loughlan. You'll get choked if you don't keep cool (*laughter*).
Mr. Long (excitedly). Take care of your windpipe (*laughter*). I suppose he gave you a few good lumps of lime (*loud laughter*).
Mr. Loughlan (jumping up excitedly). Now that is a gross insult.
The Chairman. Order, order, gentlemen.

Then Youghal's worried chairman raised a cry of "Order!"—when
A lump of old white limestone took him in the abdomen;
And he smiled a wan official smile and walked out at the door,
And the tongues of LONG and LOUGHLAN interested him no more.

PORKERS AND PAUPERS.—Bath Workhouse pigs "live on the best of good cheer" in the form and substance of milk, so the municipal pork and rate-aided bacon ought to be prime. The *Bristol Mercury* reports a meeting of the Bath guardians, when Mr. MANCHIP called attention to the fact that some of the children did not even touch their milk gruel and dry bread which was served out for breakfast. On Friday morning when the visitors were at the Workhouse at seven o'clock two buckets of milk gruel were taken out to the pigs. Mr. MANCHIP proposed that the Medical Officer be asked if he would be good enough at his earliest convenience to consider whether a change could be made in the children's diet. The Chairman thought if the gruel was sweetened with a spoonful of treacle the children would then like it. It was agreed to give the Chairman's suggestion a fortnight's trial.

Congratulations to the Bath children on being e-manchip-ated from their old diet!

FOR securing "absolute impartiality" in conferring the prizes at the Llanelly National Eisteddfod, the judges had "a pit dug for them," into which they disappeared during the progress of competitions, so that participators could not "fix them with a glittering eye," and compel them (by hypnotic means) to award a prize. Sir JOSEPH BARNBY—warbling, *sotto voce*, "This is my time for disappearing"—greatly enjoyed these dives to the bottom of the well in search of Truth, and no doubt the novel departure "assisted" the blindness of Justice. But, so far as dignity is concerned, "Oh! the pit-y of it."

WE read of a cooky at Claughton,
In music she was a self-taught 'un
But her mistress, I fear,
Said 'twas nothing but beer

that caused her cook to vociferate hymns and, in her harmonious enthusiasm, to return home towards midnight and hammer loudly at the door. We know not whether this melodious *cuisinière's* recipe for cleaning fire-irons "with a wet rag and a bucket of water" is to be found in Mrs. GLASSE's *Art of Cookery*, but the learned Judge decided in favour of the mistress, against whom MARY ROGERS (a poetical name forsooth) brought an action for unjustifiable dismissal. Alas! poor cook. She must, henceforward, do her stewing without singing and her "mashes" without melody.

WHEN Mr. HENRY MCCALMONT gives "receptions" they will be styled, not "*soirées*," but "After-Newnes."

"DOTH NOT A' 'MEETING' LIKE THIS MAKE AMENDS?"

Duke of W-st-n-rl-r (as they come out of the Hall, Chester). "Excellent Speech, Sir! So very kind of you to come!"
Mr. G. "Don't mention it, Duke. If there's one thing I like more than another, it's a Non-Political Meeting!"

A SOLILOQUY IN ST. JAMES'S PARK.

(By a Socialistic Loafer.)

Besoide the worter in Sin Jimes's Pork,
I 've stritched meself ter snooze hunder this ole tree—
But cawn't, fur all the keckle, screech, an' squork,
From these yere ducks an' swans, an' sim'lar poultry!

Them fowls is kep' up orf the Nytion's fun's;
If yer chucked stones at 'em there 'd be a fuss mide
They 're reg'lar bustin' with the kikes an' buns
As they gits frowed by hevery kiddy's nuss-mide!

I'll lay a family cud liv fur weeks
On arf the scraps them lyzy hoidle ducks re-
-jecks hevery hour, a-turnin' up their beaks,
An' wallerin' in comfit an' in lux'ry!

Whoy should the loikes o' them 'ave hall the luck,
Whoile sech as me——? It's skendalus, I s'y 'tis,
That—jest becos I ain't a bloomin' duck—
Sercoiety don't grub and board me grytis!

Some d'y we 'll mike hour vices 'eard, in 'owls
O' ryge, an' s'y to—well, no matter *'oo* it is—
"Ain't we more fit ter live nor worter-fowls?
We're yumin beans—not feathered sooperflooities!"

I 'd cop thet one jess waddlin' hup the grorss,
An' twist 'is neck—'e 's honly fit fur cookin';
I would, on *prinserple*, as bold as brorss—
If that there bloomin' Keeper wasn't lookin'!

"Oh! Liza."—Another subject for Chevalier. A special meeting was held in Liverpool to protest against the presence of Cockney costers who, it was asserted, seriously injured the business of Liverpudlian "market-tenants." Mr. Walker (is he of the celebrated Hookey branch of the family?) averred that he had "seen a coster with his barrow standing before the Lord Mayor's shop for half-an-hour." Our sympathetic soul weeps at this gross injustice to the worthy syndic, and we trust it will not cost-er him too much. But, as the lawyer remarked, *de costibus non est disputandum.*

C. C. News. Latest (last Thursday) as to School Board Squabbles.—Mr. Bowie wanted to have his Bowie-knife into Mr. Diggle and others; but was prevented. A Bowie, not very sharp and without point, is rather a useless weapon in a fight.

"Wurm Wurk!"—At Bexhill-on-Sea the "Improvement Committee"—(how wise of Bexhill-on-Sea to have instituted a permanent "Improvement Committee," otherwise it might become Bexhill-*at*-Sea!)—has engaged the exclusive services of Herr Wurm and his band. New motto for this new watering-place, "The Early Beaks-'ll catch the Wurm." The musical *pabulum* here provided will be known as "the Diet of Wurm's." Band to play during every meal. Likewise "Wurm Baths" with music. The eminent conductor will Wurm himself into favour with everyone.

The *Daily Telegraph* notifies a novelty in return tickets introduced by the South London Electric Railway. "The return half of the ticket is usable at any time." The idea being not "Go as you please," but "Go as we (the Co.) please, and come back as you like."

THE EXTINCTION OF THE HORSE.

Squire. "Isn't that the Mare, Cofer, you hoped to make three figures of as a Lady's Hack!"
Local Dealer. "Yes, Sir, this is her, worse luck! She'll have to go for a 'Cabber' now—unless I boil her down for Bicycle Oil!"

LA GÉOGRAPHIE DE LONDRES.

À Monsieur Punch.

Monsieur,—*Je viens d'arriver*—but hold! I go to write in english, which I know enough well. I am come to London to this Congress of Geographs. I cross the Sleeve—*la Manche*, how say you? Ah *la douloureuse traversée*, the dolorous traversy! In fine, the train arrives at a station. I seek, I regard, I read the soap, the mustard, the other *réclames*—how say you?—but not the name of the station. Then a cry, "Londonbridg!" Ah, it is the station of London! *Sapristi*, how she is little this station! *La gare de Londres* no more great than a station of *banlieue*, near to Paris. Eh well, I descend immediately. I seek my baggages, I go to find a *fiacre*, a "ansom." Then in English I say to the coacher, "George Street, Number Forty." "Olraittsen," say he. What is this that this is that that? I comprehend not. But all of same I mount in carriage and we part.

Soon we arrive. Hold! This is a street of commerce; there is there but offices. And not of number forty.

"Nottir, maounsiah?" say the coacher. Ah, I comprehend! "No," say I, "not here." "Minnories," say he. "How?" say I; but we are in road. Hold! Again a street of commerce—but of the most villain. I anger myself. I cry, "Coacher, I have said you George Street." "Olraitt, maounsiah," say he, "this is George Street." "Not here," I respond. "Is there two George Streets?" Then he swear, he laugh; he ask that he may be blown; he say more, that I comprehend not. In fine, he say, "Taoua Ill." Again a George Street. But here some warehouses only. Then the coacher say, "Shoditch," and we go. Again a George Street! Still more small! Again one time I anger myself. I ask to him, "Where go you?" He say, "Which George Street is it?" I say, "George Street, London." Then he laugh again, and he swear; and he say, "Ollaouai." Again a George Street! *Tiens, c'est embêtant!* But it is but a street of commerce, and very little. "Islingtonn," say he. What! again a George Street? *Sapristi! Quelle ville!* If they love the name of George, these English! But, no, still a poor little street. "Blakfraïahs," say the coacher. We traverse some streets, some streets, without end! In fine, see there number forty. But it is a little shop. *Mille tonnerres! Pas encore!* "Youstonn Road," say he. Again some streets, some streets, without end! And again a street of commerce. And again the number forty is a shop! *Sacré nom d'une pipe!* "Lissn Grov," say he. Again some *kilomètres* to traverse. What! Again a George Street? How many of them is there, of these George Streets? And again, as you say in english, "No go." But all of same we go, for the coacher say "Manshestasquaiah." I shut myself the eyes, and I repose myself.

Ah, that values better! In fine, a better street. And see, there number forty! What joy! In fine, I arrive. How it is fatiguing, this course in London, long of three hours or more! I descend. I demand my friend. What? He live not here? He is gone? *A la bonne heure!* "One more," say the coacher. "What," I cry, "again a George Street?" "Yess, maounsiah, Annovasquaiah." Then this one is not the house of my friend, this one is not the George Street that I seek! *Que le diable enlève*——

But we continue, we arrive, in fine, it is here. All exhausted I descend. How much pays one the course in London? In Paris it is 1·50. Ah! in London it must be one shilling and half. This one has been a long course; I go to give a good *pourboire*, one shilling. I offer to the cabman two shillings and half. Then he cry, he swear, he descend, he wish to fight me. I say, "It is not enough? How much?" He say, "Tenbobb." What is this that this is that that? In fine, my friends come from the house, they explain that that wishes to say, "Ten shillings," they say he has reason, and I pay him. It costs dear the cab of London. But it is equal to me, for now I go to pronounce a discourse before the Geographical Congress on the George Streets of London. He will be of the most interesting, of the most curious. I beg you, Mister *Punch*, to make me the honour of to come to hear him, and to agree the assurance of my sentiments the most distinguished.

Auguste.

THE POLITICAL UGLY DUCKLING.

(*Fragments of a Brummagem Fairy Tale.*)

It was in a big town in the Midlands that the Ugly Duckling first chipped shell. "*Cheek! Cheek! Cheek!*" squeaked the youngster as he crept out. How big and ugly he was, to be sure! Not a bit like the other ducklings. In fact he was a portent, and a puzzle.

However, the ugly, grey-coated youngster, took to the water, and swam about like the rest. "He's every inch my own child, after all," said the old duck. "And really he's very pretty, when one comes to look at him attentively. Quack! quack!" added she; "now, come along, and I'll take you into high society. Now move on, and mind you cackle properly, and bow your head before that old duck yonder, who is the noblest born of them all. Now bend your neck, and say 'Quack!'"

But the Ugly Duckling was an odd bird, as well as an ill-favoured one, and gave much trouble and excited much jealousy in the duck-yard. He quacked indeed, but he would not bend his head or bow to the old duck properly.

"He remained too long in the egg-shell," mused the maternal bird; "and therefore his figure, like his manners, is not properly formed on the true duck model. But as he's a male duck it won't matter so much. I think he'll prove strong, and be able to fight his way through the world." Which was true.

* * * * * *

But at first the Ugly Duckling had a baddish time of it. He was bitten, pushed about, and made game of, not only by the ducks, but by the hens. They all declared he was much too big, and fancied himself too much. He certainly was not graceful, and he had a cocky, self-assertive air which irritated the Conservative Old Cockalorums. He was always making unexpected and unducklike sorties, "alarums and excursions," and lifting up his raucus-caucus voice against the time-honoured rules and respectable conventions of the duck-pond. So much so, that they nicknamed him the "Daring Duckling," and prophesied that he would come to a bad end.

So he ran away, and flew over the palings.

* * * * * *

He had many adventures, and various. He dwelt for a time with a lot of wild ducks in a marsh, and even struck up a sort of friendship for a swarm of wild geese, who wanted to do away with domestication and destroy the "tame villatic" tendencies of gregarious goosedom, and abolish barn-yards and duck-ponds, peacocks, and game-fowls, and guinea-hens, and poulterer's shops, and *pâté de foie gras*, and other checks on liberty and incentives to luxury. But somehow he didn't get on with the wild ducks for long. He was so much wilder than they, and wanted his own way too much and too often for the old and recognised leaders of their flocks. And as to the wild geese, why he soon lost sympathy with their "revolutionary programmes" and "subversive schemes," which he learned to regard indeed as a sort of wild goose chase, and deride and denounce as vehemently as he had aforetime praised them.

"I think I'll take my chance, and go abroad into the wide world," said the Duckling.

* * * * * *

One evening, just as the sun was setting, there came a whole flock of beautiful large birds from a grove. The Ugly Duckling had never seen any so lovely before. They were dazzlingly white, with long graceful necks: they were swans. They uttered a peculiar cry, and then spread their magnificent wings and away they flew from this cold country to warmer lands across the open sea, as was their usual custom. They rose so high that the Ugly Duckling felt a strange sensation come over him, a sort of delicious vertigo. He turned round and round in the water like a wheel, stretched his neck up into the air toward them, and uttered so loud and strange a cry that he was frightened at it himself. Oh! never could he again forget those beautiful, happy birds, so gracefully fleeting against a primrose sky. He knew not how those birds were called, nor whither they were bound, but he felt an affection for them, such as he had never yet experienced for any living creature. And he more and more lost love for, and patience with, all his old associates, ducks or geese, wild or domesticated.

* * * * * *

The Ugly Duckling now felt able to flap his wings. They rustled much louder than before, and bore him away most sturdily; and before long he found himself in a noble park, a nobleman's park; indeed, the dainty demesne of one of those who "toil not neither do they spin." It was quite Beaconsfieldian in its beauty, with its smooth emerald sward and umbrageous elm-avenues, its dusky cedar clumps and tail-spreading, crest-sunning peacocks.

"Dear me!" mused the Ugly Duckling. "It is strange, but *I feel quite at home here!!!*"

Three magnificent white swans now emerged from the thicket before him; they flapped their wings and then swam lightly on the surface of the water. The larger one (whose beak bore the letter S as a "nick") was dark and haughty of mien, the second (whose beak was branded B) was slim and exceeding graceful; whilst the third, a solid and even rather sullen-looking bird, was beak-stamped with a legible D.

"I will fly towards these royal birds," cried the Ugly Duckling. And he flew into the water, and swam towards those stately swans, who turned to meet him with sail-like wings the moment they saw him.

"Why, he is one of us!" said the darker and statelier of the three. "Almost!" he added, *sotto voce*.

The Ugly Duckling was startled at the remark. But looking at his reflection in the smooth lake he was more startled still. His own image was to his eyes no longer that of the Daring Duckling, much less of the Ugly One. It was smart, smooth, sleek, swelling, in fact swan-like!!! At any rate, he thought so, and so, indeed, the other three swans seemed to think.

He preened his feathers, and puffed forth his plumes. He flapped his wings, and arched his neck, as he cried in the fullness of his heart:—

"I never dreamed of such happiness when I was the Brummagem Ugly Duckling."

* * * * * *

It matters not being born in a duck-yard if one is hatched from a swan's egg!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

In Leisure Time, by W. S. Mavor (Elliot Stock) is, so my Baronite reports, a daintily-bound little volume of blameless verse, unambitious, as may be inferred from its title. The author writes like a classical scholar, his lines are fluent and melodious, his metre and rhyme unimpeachable, while some of the poems, such as "Zaleucus" and "A Vision," rise distinctly above the general level. In others there are passages which my Baronite—a sadly prosaic and matter-of-fact person—owns to having found slightly obscure.

For example, in the following couplet:—

"In vain the fickle demon sports
With fetid remnants of decay."

He quite failed to discover what particular—or rather anything *but* particular—demon is referred to, or why he should amuse himself in so eccentric and unpleasant a manner.

Nor, my Baronite says, was his conception of contentment greatly assisted by this somewhat complicated comparison:—

"Contentment is a love-commissioned barque
Sailing a self-less sea—a sea whose flood
Is ordered alway by the laughing guns
Of Virtue's fortalice, whose armament,
Primed with rose-petal powder, doth discharge
In generous rounds of sympathy with all,
Scattering happiness, whose smile betrays
The pangless hurt."

But that, he is quite willing to admit, may be rather the fault of his own imagination than the poet's. Again, in a poem entitled "Love's Messengers," the author writes:—

"Flit thou along on softly feathered feet,
Noiseless, thou shadowy-pinioned minister,
And gently fan, *with midnight gale*, my sweet,
Lest thou awaken her."

Which, to my Baronite, suggests the difficulty that, if the minister fans the lady with his shadowy pinions "gently," he will fail to produce anything resembling a "midnight gale"; on the other hand, if he performs the part of invisible punkah so energetically as to suggest a gale, he can hardly help awakening her unless she is a very heavy sleeper indeed—and *might* give her a cold in the head. Surely this is rather an unfair dilemma on which to place a feathered minister of any denomination.

But after all, poetry, as my Baronite fully recognises, is not meant to be judged by so literal a standard, and it may be cheerfully conceded that there are many people who make a less profitable use of their "Leisure Time" than Mr. Mavor has done. In which opinion concurs

The Leisurely Baron de Book-Worms.

Hop(e)ful Liberalism in Kent.—Sir Israel Hart, of Hythe, thinks that if his friends do their work well, he may yet find in the Hythelans an Israel-light-hearted constituency. Sir Israel is a *Jew d'esprit*.

THE BICYCLE AGAIN.

Applicant for the Situation of Cook. "Before I go, please, Ma'am, may I ask your Servant to show me the Basement? I must see that you have a convenient place for my Bicycle!"

Mistress. "Of course I have seen to that. You will find a Room set apart. Only I must tell you that I don't allow Rational Dress!"

FOR THE TAILORS' CONGRESS AT VERVIERS.

1. Why should it take nine tailors to make a man?
2. Ought you cut a coat according to your cloth, or according to the fashion?
3. How do you cook a tailor's goose? Should it be basted?
4. In England is the most suitable seaside resort for tailors Weskit-on-Sea, or Sheerness *sur la côte?*
5. Shall a prize be given for the best essay on the advantage of having a pair of Pantaloons on the stage in a Pantomime?
6. Is it a matter of universal complaint that a tailor should not be allowed to play billiards because he scarcely passes a day without cutting a cloth?
7. What price for the best tale of a coat?
8. Is it proved to satisfaction that Shakspeare was a tailor from the fact of his having written *Measure for Measure?*
9. Whether, for the next International Yacht Race, the tailors should enter a cutter?

Good Badminton.—Among the contents of Longman's *Badminton Magazine* is an article by the Markiss o' Granby on Grouse; Susan, not Black-eyed nor Rebellious, but Countess of Malmesbury, writes cleverly on her perch, and on the matter of salmon the Countess would count for a lot in any ex-salmonation. Lord Onslow on slow and on quick bicycling; capital. C. B. Fry, not one of the Small Fry, gives his ideal of a cricketing day, which is to be known as a "Fry-day." Then who is it writes a florid account of fishing in Florida? O'tis Mygatt. The question of "What 's on at Newmarket?" is pleasantly answered by Alfred Wats-on at Newmarket. On "Old Sporting Prints," Peek writes with point. And on "The Alpine 'Distress Signal' Scheme" there is a paper by C. T. Dent, who has been, more or less, a Re-si-dent on the spot, as this in-denture witnesseth.

"To the Rank of Major-General have risen!"—*Critic.* From a paragraph in last week's *Truth* we extract the following:—"Another scandalous 'selection' job has just been perpetrated at the War Office. Colonel Trotter, who has been promoted to the rank of major-general, has seen no war service, and has no professional claims whatever upon the authorities." If this information be correct, the colonel should be remembered by the distinctly Dickensian title of "*Job*" *Trotter.*

THE LAST KNIGHT OF THE SEASON.

On Monday, July 29, Sir Augustus Harris, bidding farewell to a typical '95 Covent Garden audience (house crowded in every part), seized the opportunity to present one of his lightning conductors with a "*bâton* of honour." In a spontaneous speech, Drurio-lanus declared that Signor Mancinelli had "worked like a Trojan," and the announcement was received with sympathetic applause. Still, it was thought possible by those present that the pleasant and prosperous *impresario* was in search of something that he had seemingly lost—"a little poem of his own." We have no hesitation in publishing the following lines, entitled *Sans Adieu*, found in the neighbourhood of the C. G. orchestra. If they are not from the pen of Druriolanus, they ought to have been:—

Not farewell, my Mancinelli!
Mancinelli, *au revoir!*
As harmonious *fratelli*
We shall meet again! *Espoir!*
Take, oh take this shining *bâton.*
You're a marvel! *O, si sic!*
When you've got it, with your hat on
En vacance you'll cut your stick.

You will wave it, you will wield it
Always, my conductor prime,
Never up again you'll yield it,
Ever living to beat time!
Grasp it, use it, Mancinelli!
Highest praise to you is due!
With it beat Old Time to jelly,
Till Conductor Time beats *you!*

More Honours.

Motto for Sir William Dunn: "*Ce qu'il fait c'est bien fait.*" Likewise "Just Dunn enough."

For Mr. John Tomlinson Brunner, M.P., a Brunneretey.

Motto for Sir A. B. Forwood: "*En avant! et plus en avant que jamais.*"

"H.M.S."—Should H.M. the King of the Belgians ask H. M. Stanley, M.P., to return to Congo-land, the inquiry wired will take this simple form "*Congo?*" and the answer must be "*Can't go.*" *On dit.* The H.M.'s have settled satisfactorily.

Medical Congress.—Explanation:—The "Anti-toxin" party is against the use of a dinner bell or gong. They do not agree with Lord Byron, "The tocsin of the soul, the dinner bell."

THE NEW KEEPERS.

Squire Bull (*to* S-l-sb-ry *and* Ch-mb-rl-n). "WELL, MY MEN—NOW I'VE TAKEN YOU ON, I SHALL EXPECT BIGGER BAGS THAN I'VE HAD LATELY."

REMINISCENCE OF A RECENT POLITICAL CONTEST.

Harmless Individual (who has suddenly and unexpectedly been assaulted and battered by inebriated party). "You Scoundrel! What 's the meaning of this?"

Inebriated Politician. "'Leckshuns, ole F'la! 'Leckshuns!—(*hic*)——"

[*Comes a cropper himself.*

THE MEETING OF THE WATER-RATEPAYERS.

["The New Town Hall in Mare Street, Hackney, was altogether too small to hold the crowds who came last night (August 1) to protest against the action of the East London Water Company in cutting down the supply of water during the past few weeks."—*Evening News.*]

Air—"*The Meeting of the Waters.*"

There is not in the whole land a meeting so meet
As that of the ratepayers held at Mare Street.
No mare's nest they 'd found, no, the Hackneyite heart
Was hot at the new Water Company start!

It *was* not that Nature had stinted supply;
That Monopolist pretext appears "all my eye."
'Twas *not* summer parching of river and rill,
Oh! no—it was something more troublesome still.

'Twas that greed and neglect had combined, it is clear,
To make East End water deficient and dear;
And Monopoly now the supply must improve,
Or more than mere Mare Streets will be on the move.

Big Monopolist Mammon, how calm could you rest
With your dividends high in the way you love best;
But when water runs short, and diseases increase,
The East End won't leave you and your Water at peace.

Gully-ver.—Mr. Balfour's decision as to not disturbing the Speaker in his uneasy chair was e-gully awaited, and is, it is hoped, accepted e-gully by all parties. So now, in his chair, Mr. Gully will reign re-gully.

Latest Fashion.—Bicycle dinners and suppers have been the vogue. *Pièce de résistance* is of course "Cold Wheel." This dish is selected because whatever the number "wheel" is sure to go round.

LEAVE OF ABSENCE TO AUGUST-OUT DALY CO.

Augustin Daly's Company has left us just as play-goers had taken a fancy to *Nancy & Co.* To paraphrase the old refrain—

And all their fancy
Dwelt upon Nancy
The play called *Nancy & Co.*

It went as a lively laughter-raiser should go, with Miss Ada Rehan excellent in every way; Miss Maxine Elliot charming; James Lewis inimitably funny, and Mr. Worthing ("quite a Bright'un," as Wagstaff says) capital. That the fun of a farcical comedy should be kept up through four acts is a tribute to the original work and to the skill of its adaptor, Mr. Daly himself. "*Vive la Compagnie!*" *et au revoir!*

A Sportsman's View of It.

Chamberlain *vice* Rosebery! What fun!
The change means order, peace, and lots of tin for us. [won
What are the Derbies twain young Primrose
To the *New Markets* many Joe will win for us?

"AFTER THE CALL WAS OVER."

(*Notes for an Additional Chapter to the History of Hullibulgaria.*)

The Deputation did their very best. They were most anxious to make things smooth. "He whom they desired to obey" would wear an inferior sort of crown, robes of cotton-backed velvet, trimmed with imitation fur. He would not give away orders—he would only take them. He would not command the army, save as an agent acting under direction from the Master. There is nothing he would not do to secure the goodwill of his great, his benevolent, his all-powerful Master.

The Bear was very amiable. The Bear was pleased with the Deputation and with the nation they represented. And having said this, there was nothing further for the Bear to say.

"But, most powerful of powers, most clement of sovereignties," urged the Deputation, "there is another matter needing decision. How about the Prince?"

"What Prince?" softly murmured the Bear, in a tone of curiosity combined with astonishment.

"The Prince we wish to serve," explained the Deputation; "the Prince who desires to serve you."

"Have you read the Treaty of Berlin?" asked Bruin. "It is a most excellent agreement, and deserves special attention. Does the name of any Prince appear therein?"

"No," replied the Deputation; "and the same painful omission is observable in the *Almanac de Gotha.* So we would petition on our knees that the painful omission should be supplied. We ask that the Prince ——"

"Stop! stop!" cried the Bear. "You are talking of a myth. As Mrs. Gamp—a well-known Englishwoman — once observed, 'I don't believe there ain't no sech person.' So think I, and so thinks the Treaty of Berlin."

And so the Deputation returned from whence they came, and "the Prince" continued to "take the waters" without obtaining the cure he desired. It was disappointing to His Highness, but not to the Editor of the *Almanac de Gotha,* who found a revised edition of his excellent periodical was, at least for the present, unnecessary.

What title will Baron de Worms take? Viscount Chrysalis? to end by becoming Le Duc de Papillon?

A PARLIAMENTARY PROSPECT.

Sir W. V. H-rc-rt (on Opposition Bench). "How hot and uncomfortable they must be over there! So crowded!"

PASSION AND POETRY.

I was immensely struck, a few days ago, by a passage in a speech recently delivered by the Archbishop of Canterbury, in which he explained his method of dispelling those passing fits of ill-temper from which, alas! not even Archbishops are wholly free. "At times," so ran the report of His Grace's words, "anger or irritation came upon him, but on the table he kept a book of pleasant poems, of which he would read a few lines, and the irritation would melt away." Immediately I determined to follow this noble example. It was unfortunate that the "book of pleasant poems" was not described more specifically—could it be the verses of Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson?—but I bought a pocket volume of *Selections from the Great Poets*, which contained enough variety to suit every case, and then looked out for an opportunity of trying the Archbishop's plan.

I had not long to wait. That very evening I came across my uncle Robert at Clapham Junction, in a furious rage at having just missed the last train to Slowborough, where he lives. At once I produced my volume, and in slow and emphatic accents I read aloud some three or four hundred lines from "Paradise Lost." I was about to add one or two of Wordsworth's sonnents, when I realised that my uncle had long since disappeared, and that I was surrounded by a jeering crowd, who evidently supposed me to be a member of the Salvation Army.

On the following morning I received a visit from Snips, my tailor. He was impolite enough to suggest a settlement of what he termed my "small account," a demand, as I politely but plainly assured him, which was altogether absurd. As he showed distinct symptoms of irritation at this juncture, I began to read him a scene from *Measure for Measure*. Strangely enough, this seemed only to irritate him further, and I understand that he intends to take proceedings against me in the County Court. This second unaccountable failure of the Archbishop's remedy greatly surprised and pained me, but I decided to give it another trial.

This morning I was playing golf with my friend Macfoozle. At no time a skilful golfer, Macfoozle's form to-day was worse than ever; whenever he made a bad stroke—and he seldom made a good one—he indulged in the most violent language. Fortunately my volume of poetry was in my pocket. When he completely missed his drive at the second hole, I read him Coleridge's *Dejection*. When he broke his mashie at the fourth, I treated him with copious selections from *In Memoriam*. Finally, he got badly bunkered while playing to the fourteenth hole. For some ten minutes he smote furiously with his niblick, only raising prodigious clouds of sand as the result of his efforts. This was clearly a golden opportunity for the Archbishop's cure, "anger and irritation" but faintly represented Macfoozle's rage. Seating myself on the edge of the bunker, I began to read aloud *The Ring and the Book* with the utmost pathos. Over what followed I prefer to draw a veil It is enough to say that a niblick is a very effective weapon, and that I write these lines in bed.

When I recover, I really must call at Lambeth for fuller directions. The archiepiscopal remedy for angry passions does not seem invariably happy in its results, as far as my experience goes.

The Malt-Liquor-Tippler's Maxim.—"*Nihil ale-ienum a me pewter*":—"Nothing in the shape of beer comes amiss to me if it's in a pewter."

AN EYE TO EFFECT.

Little Dives. "Oh, by the way, Belairs—awfully sorry to cut you out, you know—but I've just proposed to Lady Barbara, and she's accepted me, and we're to be married in September. And look here, Old Chappie; I want you to be my Best Man. I want to make a good Show at the Altar, you know!"

A Chip to the Champion.

[Mr. Ranjitsinhji is running Mr. W. G. Grace very close in the batting averages.]

To the ancient air of "Cheer up Sam!"

Buck-up, Grace!
And don't let your average down!
For "Ranjit" seems running you hard for first place,
To collar your Cricketing Crown!

"Proud o' the Title."—Sir Henry James to be "Lord Jeames." How delighted W. M. Thackeray would have been!

By a Reasonable Rad.

Why were we whipped? Rads wrangle round,
But to *the* cause make scant allusion.
When all's summed up, it will be found,
"Fusion" has won against *Con*-fusion!

A Suggestion.—In latest *Observer* is a capital article by Mr. Escott, whose text is that "smart" Society transplants to London all Parisian fashions that will bear the process. The title is "British Boulevardism;" but one still more suggestive of the mixture would be "John-Bullvardism." Perhaps Mr. Escott may adopt this and give us another column.

ROUNDABOUT READINGS.

In a biographical sketch of the late Rev. Dr. Julius Hawley Seelye, formerly President of Amherst College, in America, I read that "Amherst made him President notwithstanding considerable opposition in the faculty. He soon overcame that, and advanced the prosperity of the College in the accessions to its faculty and endowments that he secured. He soon required the students to sign an agreement to be gentlemen. A violation of the pledge resulted in the termination of their careers at Amherst." This sounds strange, for it would appear that if no pledge had been given the students might have behaved as they liked, without terminating their careers. The idea of solemnly pledging yourself to be a gentleman is quite colossal.

The Independent Labour Party is not dead yet. It is forming clubs, just like any ordinary humdrum party. The *Western Daily Press* reports that "At a special meeting held at Lee's Coffee Tavern, Bath Bridge, last night, when there were present Mr. W. S. M. Knight, president of the Bristol South Independent Labour Party (in the chair), Messrs. A. Browne, E. B. Hack, C. Vale, C. F. Brocklehurst, T. Pole, C. Parker, and W. Price, it was unanimously decided to open a club for Totterdown and the East Ward of Bedminster in connection with the Independent Labour Party. Officers and a committee were appointed, and suitable headquarters for the club were decided upon." Nothing could be more appropriate. Totterdown suggests decrepitude and failure (in this case at least), and Bedminster hints at repose and peace. I offer the suggestion and the hint gratis to the Independent Labour Windbags.

The Loveday Street Canal Bridge (which is, I fancy, in Birmingham) is evidently a demon bridge with a depraved taste for injuring children. One day last week it threw John Chick, aged seven, off and broke one of his legs. About five hours later, resenting an attempt on the part of Thomas Walton, aged twelve, to climb it, it flung him off on to the towing-path and injured his back. A few days before that it had precipitated the same Thomas Walton into the water, whence he was rescued with some difficulty. Evidently this is a bridge with an ungovernable temper, and the authorities should guard it efficiently.

The Scotsman informs me that "speaking the other day at Haddington, Mr. Balfour glanced scathingly at those politicians of the baser sort who seek to confuse great issues by dragging to the front petty or irrelevant questions, and the breath of whose nostrils is the disturbance of the harmony which should subsist between class and class of the community." On this two questions arise. The first is how Mr. Balfour, an amiable gentleman, managed to glance scathingly. To scath, as I learn from the dictionary, means to hurt, to injure; and, personally, I cannot imagine Mr. Balfour infusing very much venom into a mere glance of his expressive eye. The second question is how politicians, even of the baser sort, can go on living when their unfortunate lungs are filled with a disturbance of harmony. That they should have sufficient strength left to drag to the front petty or irrelevant questions is nothing short of a marvel, due allowance being made for metaphors.

A golfer is in trouble, and has confided his difficulties to *Golf*.

Whilst playing on the links at Streetly, on July 16, he drove a ball, which apparently fell clear, but which for some time could not be found. After some little hunting it was discovered under a small tuft of heather in a lark's nest, resting on the back of a young lark, apparently about four days old, together with three lark's eggs, which were quite intact. The golfer was obliged, of course, to lift the ball and place it behind, as it would have been gross cruelty to have played it from the nest. It was match play. Under the exceptional circumstances was he bound to lose the hole? The editor replies that if a player were a stickler for the law and nothing but the law, he, of course, would be entitled to enforce it against his opponent who found the ball in the nest.

A tee for your ball, you may fashion of sand
(Which is found in the sugar you use for your tea);
Then you spread your legs wide, and you take a firm stand,
And away with a whack goes the ball flying free.

If it flies like a bird, there's no need to explain;
If not, then the ways of that golfer are dark,
Who attempts, though the effort is doomed to be vain,
To stand, taking tee on the back of a lark.

There has been some excitement at Weston-super-Mare. The "Conservative party organized a reception for the Hon. G. H. Jolliffe on his first appearance in the town since his election for the Wells division. Arrangements were made for those intending to take part in the procession to meet the hon. gentleman at the Potteries on his return from Banwell Horse Show at 7 p.m., but he arrived in the town a quarter of an hour too early, and scores of enthusiasts were disappointed. Those, however, who happened to be early enough followed the hon. gentleman, some on foot and others in cabs, to the Royal Hotel, the Town Band heading the procession. Mr. Jolliffe rode on a coach drawn by four horses, and was supported by several of the leaders of the party in the town. Subsequently he addressed those assembled." But if Mr. Jolliffe rode on a coach, why was it necessary to support him? Moreover, seeing that it was a four-horse affair, it seems unjust that the leaders should be talked of and that no mention at all should be made of the wheelers.

Nana Sahib has died once more.

A Mr. William Brown, who was formerly an officer in the East India Company's service, and is now residing at San Francisco, gives the following particulars regarding the fate of Nana Sahib. Mr. Brown says that he was commodore of the Ganges Fleet in the Indian Mutiny, and was attacked by Sepoys under Nana Sahib himself, who was shot in the fighting, and afterwards died on board Mr. Brown's ship. Nana Sahib's body was then cremated, and the ashes were committed to the river.

Why, oh why, has Mr. Brown, whom I heartily congratulate on clearing up the mystery, kept silence for nearly forty years? And, by the way, which Mr. William Brown is he? There must be a good many William Brown's even in San Francisco. Before concluding that the matter is definitely settled, I should like to hear Mr. Henry Smith, Mr. Richard Robinson, and Mr. John Jones on the subject.

WHERE NOT TO GO.

(*Hints by our Pessimist Passenger.*)

Amsterdam.—Too much sea before you get there.
Boulogne.—Not particularly pleasant at low tide.
Cologne.—The reverse of fragrant at all times.
Dieppe.—The trap of the tripper.
Etretat.—No longer what it was.
Frankfort.—Only good for a change of money.
Geneva.—Dull and dear.
Heidelberg.—Too much hill, and too little castle.
Interlaken.—The 'appy 'ome of 'Arry.
Jura Pass.—Sure find for Brown, Jones, and Robinson.
Karlsbad.—Kill or cure.
Lyons.—Apotheosis of silk monotonous
Marseilles.—Good place for musquitoes, bad for all else.
Nice.—Too near to Monte Carlo.
Ouchy.—Hotel good, but surroundings superfluous.
Paris.—Too hot. Theatres closed and wideawakes seen on the boulevards.
Quebec.—Dangerous rival to Bath, Coventry, and Jericho.
Rotterdam.—Worthy of its name.
Suez.—Not comparable to Cairo.
Trouville.—Requires antedating a quarter of a century.
Uig.—Skyed and out of reach.
Venice.—Vulgarised by the steam launches.
Wiesbaden.—Has not yet recovered the loss of its table.
Xerez.—Long journey for a glass of sherry.
Yokohama.—Not a patch upon Pekin.
Zurich.—Alliterative attraction for somebody.

A BONNE BOUCHE.

Mr. Wagstaff. Ah! I have lived many years in the bush.
Mrs. Leo Hunter. How interesting! I suppose you must have become almost savage!
Mr. W. Frequently, when I couldn't get a 'bus or a cab.
Mrs. L. H. (*utterly astonished*). A 'bus or a cab! in the bush!!
Mr. W. (*pleasantly*). Ah, yes; I was talking of "Shepherd's Bush." Good morning. [*Exit chuckling.*

[*** *Note by the Bird in the Bush.*—In future this little jest of Waggy's will be impossible, as it is proposed to re-name Shepherd's Bush, and call it Pastoral Park, or All-Askew Park, or something of the sort.]

"Sortes Shakspearianæ."—On the new Postmaster-General:—

"Friend post the Duke of Norfolk."
Richard the Third, Act iv., Scene 4.

And we hope his Grace will be "Friend post," and benefit us all.

A volume of Reminiscences by Henry Russell is promised. Evidently this ought to be a "Cheery, Boys, Cheery" sort of book.

"NO VOICE HOWEVER FEEBLE LIFTED UP FOR TRUTH DIES."—*Whittier.*

DESTINY, or to Live for this Day ONLY!

ALCOHOLIC DRINKS, TOBACCO.

DISCIPLINE, SELF-DENIAL THE HIGHEST AND BEST IN THIS LIFE.

M. DUMAS AND THE AVERAGE MAN AND HIS PLEASURES.—"If he has not some great ideal, such as a religious illusion, a love for science, a craze for art, a passion for charity, one of those all-absorbing delights of the soul, he redescends into instinct, begins to live for the day passing over his head, and appeals to satisfactions of a gross nature, but prompt and certain. They will kill him perhaps, but what is it that does not in the long run kill? And since men must move towards death by whatever road they take, why not select the pleasantest; and what matters it whether the end be reached a little sooner or a little later? Who knows even whether the short cut is not after all the best?"

"And such is human life, so gliding on;
It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone!"

Drawing an Overdraft on the Bank of Life.

EXPERIENCE shows that POISONOUS ANALINE DYES, PINK or CHEMICALLY COLOURED SHERBET, or ACIDULATED SHERBET masked with SUGAR, HAZARDOUS BRAIN-TIPPLES, or any form of PICK-ME-UP, Mild Ales, Port Wine, Dark Sherries, Sweet Champagne, Liqueurs and Brandies, are all very apt to disagree, while light white wines, and gin or old whisky, largely diluted with mineral water charged only with natural gas, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" is peculiarly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the liver. It possesses the power of reparation where digestion has been disturbed or lost through alcoholic drinks, fatty substances, or want of exercise, and places the invalid on the right track to health. If its Great Value in keeping the body in health were universally known NO FAMILY WOULD BE WITHOUT IT.

USE ENO'S "FRUIT SALT."—It is SIMPLE, SOOTHING, COOLING, REFRESHING, HEALTHGIVING, and INVIGORATING in Health or Disease.

HEADACHE AND DISORDERED STOMACH.—A gentleman writes:—"I have used Eno's 'Fruit Salt' in headaches and almost every form of disease for nearly twenty-five years. As a rule I found it everything I could wish; its action was always natural, simple, soothing, yet potent when required, without hazardous force, such as brain-tipple, or pick-me-up in any form or condition (always did good, never any harm). Can be used for any length of time without the least danger.

"Yours truly, TRUTH."

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